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HON. JOHN H. EVANS

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN H. EVINS

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM SOUTH CAROLINA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1885.

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LIBRARY
OF THE
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UNIVERSITY.

A. 1392

JOINT RESOLUTION providing for printing the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late John H. Evins, late a Representative in the Forty-eighth Congress from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late John H. Evins, a Representative in the Forty-eighth Congress from the State of South Carolina, twelve thousand five hundred copies, of which three thousand copies shall be for the use of the Senate and nine thousand five hundred for the use of the House of Representatives. And the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said John H. Evins to accompany said eulogies, and for the purpose of engraving and printing said portrait the sum of five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved, February 12, 1885.

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ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF JOHN H. EVINS.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
December 1, 1884.

Mr. AIKEN. Under instructions of the delegation from the State of South Carolina, which State I have the honor in part to represent on this floor, it is my sad duty to announce to the House the death of our late colleague, Mr. JOHN H. EVINS, and to ask the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The resolutions will be read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Whereas death has taken from our midst the Hon. JOHN H. EVINS, of South Carolina, a member of this House:

Resolved, That we have heard with much sorrow of this bereavement to his family and loss to his State and country.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased this House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and in accordance therewith the House adjourned.

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IN THE SENATE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

Mr. [illegible] of Hamilton, submitted the following resolution, which was read, considered, and adopted:

Resolved, That the Senate, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the late Hon. J. E. Byrnes, late a Representative from South Carolina, will attend his funeral this day, at 3 o'clock P. M., at the time of delivering his remains to the Senate of the late Hon. J. E. Byrnes, late a Representative from South Carolina.

IN THE SENATE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

The SPEAKER. By order of the House this day, I have appointed the hour for the consideration of resolutions in relation to the death of the late member of this House from the State of South Carolina. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JAMES E. BYRNES, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That, as an additional mark of respect, the House shall, at the conclusion of these proceedings, adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. [illegible]. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JAMES E. BYRNES, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That, as an additional mark of respect, the House shall, at the conclusion of these proceedings, adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

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Address of Mr. BRATTON, of South Carolina.

Mr. SPEAKER: These resolutions are offered for the consideration of the House that we may perform a sad duty to departed worth; that we may do honor to one who has occupied a seat on this floor for several successive terms. His career in this House is best known to the honorable gentlemen who were associated with him here, and is confidently intrusted to their care. In the exercise of the melancholy privilege claimed by myself on this occasion, I speak necessarily rather from the standpoint of the constituents of my distinguished and lamented predecessor, of those who knew him as boy and man at home, and who attested their appreciation by repeatedly returning him to this truly important field of service.

JOHN HAMILTON EVINS was born in Spartanburg District, South Carolina, on the 18th day of July, 1830. His father, Samuel Evins, being a man of ample means, gave his son the benefit of a good academic and collegiate course. Mr. EVINS graduated at the South Carolina College in the class of 1853, and at once began the study of law, his chosen profession. In December, 1856, he was admitted to the bar and entered upon the practice of his profession in the town of Spartanburg. He continued to be so engaged until he was called by his State to leave this quiet pursuit and serve her in another field. He joined the first company that was organized in his county for military duty in the war between the States; was elected lieutenant; afterward became captain, and served the cause he had espoused with faithfulness and gallantry until disabled for field service by a wound received at the battle of Seven Pines. Though retired from the field he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and assigned to light duty in the rear. While thus employed he was called upon by the people of Spartanburg to represent them in the State legislature, which he did to their entire satisfaction.

At the close of the war Mr. EVINS reopened his law office in the town of Spartanburg, and devoted himself closely and successfully

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to his profession until 1876, when he was called to a higher sphere of honor and usefulness. He entered the Forty-fifth Congress as the Representative of the fourth Congressional district of South Carolina, and served in that capacity with faithfulness to his immediate constituents and fidelity to the whole country, until stricken down by disease. His death, though sudden, was not unanticipated by himself and his friends. His health had been declining for a year prior to his demise; and, after consultation with eminent physicians, he became satisfied that his disease was incurable. This conviction did not turn him aside from the path of duty; he entertained it with calm, Christian resignation, and moved forward in the discharge of his public duties as undisturbed as if no shadow of death was impending over him.

On the 20th of October last, at his home in Spartanburg, in the bosom of his family, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, while seated in a chair, the messenger came to call him across the river.

He was not found unprepared for the summons. In early life he had made a profession of religion and attached himself to the Presbyterian Church, the church of his father. In 1867 he was chosen one of the deacons of the Spartanburg Presbyterian church, and in 1870 was called to be a ruling elder in the same church. From 1868 to his entrance upon his career as a member of Congress he was superintendent of the Sunday-school of his church, and devoted himself to this work with characteristic earnestness and singleness of purpose.

Such, Mr. Speaker, are, as it were, the stations which mark the course of the life which has passed away; the prominent events which, in the lives of men as of nations, are the hill-tops and mountain summits seen from afar and affording a general idea of their progress or decay, but no definite knowledge of the causes producing them, nor any intimate acquaintance with their real history. They are but points of observation from which the thread of the real life may be traced, from which the real character may be read, and the full history studied and learned. Subjection to such scrutiny is necessary to bring out the true force and merit of Mr. EVINS.

From this, the highest plane of public service to which he at-

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tained, the track of his life down through its fields of usefulness to his State, his county, his town, his church, and into the privacy of his family circle, glowed with the same light, and was characterized by a constant and consistent uprightness born of high principle. His cultured and highly developed moral sense kept him ever alive to the duty of the hour, whether it led him to the mountain-top or through the lowly vale; whether it called him to positions of distinction and honor or along the humble walks of true charity among the weak, the poor, and the needy.

In that great conflict between the principles of good and evil which seems to be the heritage of humanity, and of which this world seems to be the battle-ground, the life of this pure-minded gentleman, guided by sound principles of morality and true Christian sentiment, has made for itself no uncertain record. As a man, as a citizen, as a neighbor, in the conduct of his private and professional business, in the service of his State in both peace and war, in every relation of life, his influence was elevating and for good.

And when at a critical period in the history of the State to which I belong, while the weight of aspersion and misrepresentation and of misapprehension was bearing upon us with ruinous pressure, we succeeded in sending Mr. EVINS here as our representative and exponent, it was with the expectation that the purity and sincerity of his character and the honesty of his political sentiments would vindicate us from the one and relieve us from the other. From the earnest expressions of regret for his loss with which I have been greeted since my entrance upon this floor by gentlemen of both political parties and from all sections of this country, I now venture to indulge the hope that our expectations have been realized; that his influence here, as elsewhere, has been for good, has been a potent contribution toward the restoration of those relations of respect and confidence between the members of this "indissoluble Union" which is so necessary to the full enjoyment by any of the blessings which our incomparable system of government was designed to secure to all.

In the death of Mr. EVINS we have lost one with a character for

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honesty so high that slander could not reach it, a merit so modest that envy never assailed it, a public spirit so uniform that suspicion of self-interest never impugned it, a Christian consistency so unassuming that it escaped the sneers of the scoffer, and one whose moderation and wisdom in his public life, unmoved by partisan or sectional purposes, were doing much to close the gap of estrangement between the two great sections of this Union, which, happily for the good of this whole country, is every day becoming narrower and narrower, and will soon, I hope, be a thing of the past.

A ddress of Mr. DIBBLE, of South Carolina.

I imagine, Mr. Speaker, that the contribution of the most gifted individual to the sum total of the world's progress and prosperity is of itself comparatively insignificant; yet such contributions, when aggregated, and transmitted with accumulations from time to time, make up what we call the advance of civilization—the improvement of the human race. And it is likewise true that the enlightened policy of a nation as illustrated in the conduct of its public men is the safeguard of its future. The traditions of a people give direction to their aspirations, and tend to shape their national character. The hero or the statesman who has been through life a pattern of patriotic worth becomes after death the exemplar for the guidance of those whom he leaves behind him. It is in this respect that the eulogy upon the dead becomes a lesson of practical patriotism; the purposes of laudable ambition are transmitted from generation to generation; public and private virtue are kept untarnished, and love of country is blended with love of the good and the true. And in the land where the achievements of her sons live after them in story and in song, "monuments more lasting than brass," where history bestows, as an heir-loom, upon the children the honorable record of their sires—it is in such a land that freedom makes her lasting habitation, safe in the stronghold of a public opinion, consecrated by inheritance to the perpetuation of civil and religious liberty.

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Three thousand years ago, in the Egypt of the Ptolemies, it was their custom to appoint magistrates to judge the memory of the deceased citizen, and to award to prince and the subject alike condemnation to the vicious, and to the virtuous the honor of a public eulogy granted to him by his country's laws. And although this custom has long since passed away, and judges sit no more in solemn quest over the ashes of the dead, yet fame has become such a tribunal; and as she dictates posterity listens to her decrees and history records them.

It has been well said that "it is right that the tomb should be a barrier between flattery and the prince, and that truth should begin where power ceases." And it is a matter of satisfaction to me, Mr. Speaker, that in recounting the incidents of the life of my deceased colleague and friend there is nothing that his friends would desire to pass over with the charity of silence, or that needs the embellishment of fulsome praise. It shall be my endeavor, therefore, to present in plain, unvarnished narrative the ontline of his career, secure in the assertion that purer man never entered this House, nor one who was possessed of a loftier sense of honor, a more conscien tious devotion to duty, than JOHN HAMILTON EVINS.

Such traits of character were his by inheritance. The families of Evins and Moore (from the latter of which he was descended on his mother's side) brought with them from the mother country energy, thrift, integrity, and piety. They came first into Pennsylvania and thence to Virginia and the Carolinas. Both families settled in South Carolina on Tyger River, in what is now Spartanburg County, prior to the Revolutionary war, and were ardent patriots in the struggle for independence. Alexander Evins, the grandfather of our late fellow-member, served as a soldier under "Mad Anthony Wayne," and was wounded so severely in the left shoulder at the storming of Stony Point, that most brilliant of all the battles of the war, as to have been disabled in his left arm for life. He changed the spelling of his surname from "Evans" to "Evins," substituting an "i" for the "a," because a brother of his had espoused the side of the King; and although the Tory left the country the family has retained this mode of spelling the

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name ever since. This gallant patriot lies buried in the graveyard of Nazareth church, the oldest Presbyterian church in Spartanburg County—a house of worship of which he was one of the founders and a ruling elder. He left six sons, all of whom became leading citizens of their section of South Carolina, and four of whom were at different times members of the State legislature. One of them was Col. Samuel N. Evins, the father of JOHN H. EVINS.

Among his ancestry on his mother's side was General Thomas Moore, who fought in the battle of Cowpens against the British when a boy sixteen years old. In mature years he was prominent in the politics of the State, and was a member of Congress from South Carolina from 1801 to 1813, and again from 1815 to 1817; and in the interval between the two periods of service in this House he was in the field in the war of 1812, as a brigadier-general, commanding troops on the coast of South Carolina. He was a man of great public spirit, and was one of the founders of the first high-school in Spartanburg district, an institution which is still in existence. He was the great-grandfather of our deceased colleague.

JOHN HAMILTON EVINS was born at the ancestral homestead, on Tyger River, on the 18th day of July, 1830. In early life he enjoyed such advantages of education as the country afforded, besides the precept and example of parents who were distinguished for high-toned principle, broad views, liberal hospitality, and earnest Christian character. He received his higher education at the South Carolina College in its palmiest days, and graduated from that institution in the class of 1853.

I first knew him in 1855, when both of us were young men, living under the same roof. He was then a student of the law, to the practice of which he was shortly afterward admitted, and I, somewhat his junior, was a college student pursuing my last year's course. He was then, as all his associates have ever found him to be in later days, a warm-hearted friend, a courteous and cheerful companion, a just and honorable man. At this period of his life, in easy circumstances as to fortune, living in a section where his

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ancestry for several generations had attained merited distinction in social, religious, and political circles; fitted by a liberal education for the practice of his chosen profession, and enjoying daily intercourse with the people of a refined and cultivated community, there opened before him the prospect of a happy and successful career. My deceased friend was fortunate in the possession of those traits which enabled him to utilize the advantages which surrounded him, and to achieve as high a degree of substantial success as his friends could have desired.

After his admission to the bar he was associated in practice with that distinguished jurist, Hon. Thomas N. Dawkins, afterward one of the judges of our State courts, and with Jefferson Choice, esq., an able and experienced lawyer at Spartanburg, S. C. Throughout his whole life he has been engaged in the active duties of the profession, except when in military service as an officer of South Carolina troops in the confederate army, or when serving his State in the legislature and in Congress. At the outbreak of hostilities between the States in 1861 he was an officer in the first company raised in Spartanburg, and fought gallantly in the first battle of Manassas and other conflicts of the war. At the battle of Seven Pines in 1862 he was so severely wounded in the left arm that amputation was proposed, but he refused his consent, and assumed the risk of the attempt to save the arm. This was accomplished through the skill and attention of his brother, who was a surgeon in the army, and the limb was preserved, but he was so seriously disabled as to be incapable of further active service in the field, and I am satisfied that the effects of this wound were felt by him during the rest of his life. He continued, however, in the performance of light military duty until his election to the State legislature of South Carolina, where he served two terms.

At the close of the war Colonel EVINS had suffered in fortune, in common with his neighbors, but did not repine; on the contrary, he went to work with all his energy to repair the disasters entailed upon the South by that fearful struggle. About this time he married Miss Hattie D. Choice, the daughter of his former partner at law. The union was a congenial one, and his was a happy home,

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the seat of comfort, refinement, and generous hospitality. Successful at the bar, and enjoying the esteem and confidence of all who knew him, he was content to devote himself to his profession and to take a leading part in enterprises for the development of the resources of his native county and did not aspire to political honors. But in the agony of final reconstruction his State summoned him to her service. In 1876 he was tendered the nomination for Congress from his district without solicitation on his part, and for a time hesitated to accept it, but finally consented to do so as an act of duty, and was elected to the Forty-fifth Congress by a considerable majority. Since then he served continuously as the Representative of the fourth Congressional district of South Carolina, up to the time of his death.

Without endeavoring to enter into the details of his useful services as a member of this House, I will simply sum up his character as a public man by calling attention to that independence of thought and action, that freedom from all the arts and devices of the demagogue which distinguished his career. He was one of those who considered that the representative should not be like a weathercock, turning hither and thither according to every popular breeze, but that he should be rather a leader than a follower of public opinion in regard to matters pertaining to the work of legislation. He was of the class celebrated in the language of the classic poet:

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
* * * * *
Mente quatit solida.

In the early days of the present Congress, his health, which had been gradually failing for some months, became more seriously affected, and he then informed his friends and constituency of his intention to decline a renomination, and to retire to private life. It was his hope at that time, and also that of his friends, that the eminent medical skill which he called to his assistance would avail to arrest the malady which threatened him. But alas! all fond anticipations of returning health were gradually dispelled by the inroads which disease slowly but surely made upon his constitu-

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tion, until finally it was evident to himself and all his friends that in a short time he would be in the immediate presence of death.

For this emergency he had the preparation of a consistent Christian life. Calm and undismayed, and trusting in God, he was ready to die. I have alluded to the lines of Horace in illustration of his independence of thought and action as a Representative. I can with equal fitness apply to him, when awaiting the last mortal struggle, the omitted line of the stanza, and say—

Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

The session of Spartanburg Presbyterian church after his death thus place placed among their minutes his religious record:

Colonel EVINS made a public profession of religion early in life, joining Nazareth, the church of his fathers. On the 4th of July, 1867, his membership was transferred to this church, and on the 28th of the same month he was ordained to the deaconship. He continued to serve in this office until promoted by the unanimous voice of the congregation to the eldership, to which he was ordained November 13, 1870. He was also superintendent of the Sabbath-school from 1868 until he entered Congress in 1877. He was also deeply interested in the welfare of the church; liberal in supporting every good work, true and wise as a counselor to his pastor, and in every respect almost valuable member and officer.

* * * His unswerving fidelity to religion, his genuine and practical loyalty to his own church, and his eminent purity of life, ever shone out brightly in all the circumstances in which he was placed, whether in the walks of private life, in the quiet pursuit of his profession, or amid the temptations of the military camp or of the national capital.

It was at his home in Spartanburg on Monday, October 20, 1884, that he quietly and peacefully breathed his last, passing literally from sleep to death.

And now—

'Tis little; but it looks, in truth,
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Were I to yield, Mr. Speaker, to the emotions which arise as I recall to mind many incidents of my association with my departed friend, and feel how closely our lives were blended in the recent past, I would be unfitted for the discharge of the duty of this hour.

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And I realize that when the country, in her legislative halls, laments the death of one of her public servants, there is little room in the liturgy of memorial ceremonies for the expression of a feeling of personal bereavement. Only around the desolate hearthstone, whence the loved one has departed, or in the select circle of his kinsmen and dearest friends, is there appropriate place for that sacred sorrow which shuns the public gaze; while here are uttered only "the lesser griefs that may be said."

And yet, while we, his fellow-members, are engaged in the last offices of respect to his memory, and are celebrating in solemn eulogy his public career, in his relations to his State as a citizen, to his constituency as a Representative, and as a legislator to his country, it is proper also to think of him as a true and tender husband and father, a trusty and warm-hearted friend, and an earnest and humble Christian.

And occasions like the present, interspersed here and there in the routine of our official occupations, furnish to us the opportunity for solemn reflection, teaching the frail tenure by which we maintain our foothold on earth ere we sink into our resting places beneath its surface. Is there not something for our inspiration, Mr. Speaker, in the example of one who has, as a sentinel upon his post, walked uprightly upon his appointed round holding fast to the watchwords of honor and of truth?

> No life
> Can be pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife,
> And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

Address of Mr. BROWNE, of Indiana.

These memorial occasions, Mr. Speaker, come to this House with frightful frequency. Those who meet here are one by one dropping by the wayside as they journey on. Not a session passes but we pause to embalm in the records of this body a tribute to the faithful public services of some honored Representative who has gone to "that undiscovered country." At each Congress there

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are those who come to these halls ambitious of distinction, inspired by high resolves, buoyant with hope, and having promise of long and useful lives, who play their parts but for a day and are then called forever from their labors. This sorrowful experience repeats itself with unvarying regularity, and so it will be until the end. And yet how little we know of death save its certainty! We know it is appointed that all shall die, and that from this stern decree there is no appeal. To-day we speak words of tribute to the memory of one who sleeps under the sunny skies of the South; to-morrow we may be called to perform a like sad office for one whose new-made grave rests under the white raiment of the Northern snows. Who knows? Fortunately to none has been given the power to cast upon the horoscope the figure of our coming griefs, and we know

But the page prescribed, the present state.

May we not here indulge the hope that of every tear of sorrow shed on the graves of our dead some good will be born, and that in the "destroyer's pathway there will spring up bright creations that will defy his power" and convert the valley of darkness into a pathway of light. May not this day repeat the solemn lesson that death reigns in all portions of time; that—

The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death.

The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death; and you can go no whither but you tread on dead men's bones.

I was not wholly unprepared, Mr. Speaker, for the announcement of the death of JOHN H. EVINS. While he was still with us, taking part in our counsels and in the business of this House, I was told by an eminent physician who had been consulted by him that he was incurably stricken by a malady that has long defied the skill of the medical profession, and that his life could be

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prolonged but for a few months at most. It was difficult to believe that one I saw here almost daily in the performance of his public duties, who moved so calmly among us, was so soon to die; but, as was predicted, to that inexorable disease he soon fell a victim. Burdened, doubtless, with the consciousness that his pilgrimage was near its end, he stood at the post of duty until near the close of the session, when he left us, and, after a brief and fruitless search for health, returned to his home that his grave might be made in the land of his nativity and among those of his ancestors.

Mr. EVINS died just as he touched life's meridian. With his culture and intellectual equipment, his unexhausted resources, had health and life been spared him, what position might he not have attained! Who can tell? Who can measure what of effort and of achievement were prevented by that dread disease that held him in its grasp and drained the very fountains of his life? Who knows what it is to feel the life-current ebbing gently but slowly away? How the icy touch of the death malady must obscure every light and paralyze every energy! It was not my good fortune to know the deceased as he was known by those neighbors and associates who enjoyed his personal companionship and hospitality. Those who met him in the family circle, who sat at his table and by his hearth-stone, have fitly spoken of the excellence of his social and the refined purity and happiness of his domestic life. A happy home was his. How home hallows and elevates the human character! How cheerless would life be without its endearments, and how aimless our ambitions but for the impulse it gives to our efforts!

All bear witness to the uprightness of his daily life and his sterling integrity of character. He exemplified the sincerity of his Christian faith by his works—works in the fields of the Master. By no truer test than this can man be judged, for—

> 'Tis not the wide phylactery,
> The stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
> That make us saints; we judge the tree
> By what it bears.

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That his personal and public life commanded the respect of his people is shown by the unanimity with which he was twice chosen to represent them in the Legislature of his State, and by four successive elections to a seat in this House. A manly character only could have inspired such confidence; a faithful service only could have secured its continuance. That he went to the field, that he put his life to the hazard of battle for the cause that had his sympathy, proved that he had the courage to follow, regardless of personal peril, his duty as God had given him to see to it. It has been said:

> No one knows what is absolutely right, but every one knows what he thinks to be right, and the highest law is obeyed by him who follows honestly the best light that shines within him and gains the approval of his conscience.

Who does better than he who puts his best thought, his highest and maturest convictions of right, into his life-work? Perfection is for God alone. Among men he deserves well who follows with unfaltering courage where his best and most enlightened judgment leads.

I but give voice to the spontaneous expression of an intelligent constituency, under whose eye passed in review every act of his private and public career, when I put on the enduring records of the national Congress their united testimony that JOHN H. EVINS was an honest man; that everywhere, at all times and in the largest and truest sense, he was an honest man and an incorruptible public servant; that his personal integrity was manifest in his professional and political life and in his every-day dealings. It is said of him that as an advocate he refused to prosecute those he thought innocent, or defend the cause that was tainted with dishonesty or wanting in the element of justice. What a commendable example was this to that high profession whose mission it is, regardless of the blandishments of power or the temptations of reward, to defend the right and secure redress for the wronged.

My first meeting with Mr. EVINS was in the Forty-fifth Congress. A trivial circumstance led me to seek his acquaintance. Emigrants from Virginia and the Carolinas, among whom were the sons of the men who fought with Morgan on the memorable field

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of the Cowpens, settled more than a half a century ago in the Congressional district I have the honor to represent, and gave the name Spartanburg to the village in which for many pleasant years I made my home, and whose people for more than a third of a century have reposed in me an unmerited confidence. I desired to know the representative of the historic district of Spartanburgh, S. C., a section so familiar to many of my people, and that I enjoyed that honor will be one of the cherished memories of my life. My acquaintance with him began and ended here. It was a brief friendship, but was long enough to leave with me enduring impressions of the man. He was of nature's nobility and a typical representative of that section of our Union that in the colonial day gave to our Revolution and the cause of popular government such heroic men as Wood and White, Moore and Roderic.

From the first he impressed me by his dignified but gentle courtesy and his unostentatious personal bearing. He at once won my sincerest esteem. One who knew him intimately, one of his distinguished colleagues here, tells me that one of his most notable characteristics was his unobtrusive modesty; that this kept him from pressing forward here and asserting his title to the high position which by reason of his learning and his talents rightfully belonged to him. This statement is corroborated by my observation. Life, however, has no brighter ornament than a true and unadorned modesty, and the character in which this resides is always enriched by the noblest of virtues.

Mr. EVINS was in his very nature tolerant. I always found him most charitable to those who challenged his cherished beliefs. He let mere differences of opinion glide—

Into the silent hollows of the past.

Espousing opposite sides of the bloody controversy through which our people passed but a score of years ago, and widely separated as we were in opinion on many questions, we were in full accord in the hope that from the reunited Republic would be banished every hate; that every wound would be healed; that the waste places would be repaired, and there be ushered in a new and enduring era of prosperity and fraternity. He was a disciple of

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that great Teacher who taught the inspired philosophy that the most heroic revenge was the return of good for evil. With me he believed this truth should be taught in every pulpit, inscribed on the doors of every temple and on the folds of every banner.

It is a pleasing faith that God has planted in the human heart the germ of an unresting progress, and that in His own good time it will unfold a charity strong enough to paralyze the ambitions of men and convert armies and navies into ministers of peace and love. It will be a glorious era when love takes the government of men out of the hands of force. How beautiful would be that reign, how bloodless and painless its triumphs! If, as the astronomers tell us, the moon with its white arms reaches down and lifts the mighty billows of the sea toward the stars, may not pity reach down and lift the impulses of the human heart to love and God, and banish violence and warfare from the world forever?

Mr. EVINS was a member of the church, a consistent follower of the Nazarine, and lived and died in the Christian's faith that there is in the universe an overruling Providence and an immortal life beyond the grave. With that cold materialism of the age which teaches the annihilation of the human soul he had no sympathy. Who can believe that beyond the grave there is only nothingness?

> If that marvelous microcosm, man, with all the costly cargo of his faculties and powers, were indeed a rich argosy, fitted out and freighted only for shipwreck and destruction, who among us that tolerate the present only from the hope of the future, who that have any aspirings of a high and intellectual nature about them, could be brought to submit to the disgusting mortifications of the voyage?

True, no thought comes to us from the mute lips of the dead. They do not speak to us across the darkness. They display no beacon from the shoreless beyond to light us through the gloomy abyss; but—

> *A voice within us speaks the startling word,*
> *"Man, thou shalt not die!" Celestial voices*
> *Hymn it 'round our souls; according harps,*
> *By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars*
> *Of morning sang together, sound forth still*
> *The song of our great immortality!*

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Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.

* * * * *

The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Is it probable that creative wisdom would have made gross matter eternal, indestructible, and provided that sensation, life, only should be forever destroyed?

Although JOHN H. EVINS is dead He who every springtime with sunshine and shower touches the bosom of the earth that the rose and the jasmine may come forth and shed their fragrance and beauty on the world will not allow a human soul, the very culmination of his creation, to remain forever in the night of the grave. Sorrowing friends and a mourning household find consolation in this sad hour in the thought that there is a light radiating from the cross haloing the world with its brightness, glowing with divine beauty—the light of an example and a Christian philosophy—that points the soul to a better life and implants within the human heart both a hope and a faith in the resurrection.

Address of Mr. HARDEMAN, of Georgia.

Mr. SPEAKER: The destiny of man is dissolution, and the history of material organization is decay. To know our end is the lesson of life, for life in its entire analysis is but a lesson; its preface the cradle, its finale the grave. The great voice that John heard out of heaven saying, "There shall be no more death," was not the language of earth, but the unmistakable vernacular of that celestial land above. "Dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes," is the idiom of earth, voiced by the shroud, the coffin, and the grave. To that voice this House is listening to-day, as it comes from the grave of JOHN H. EVINS, of South Carolina, who but a few months ago responded to our roll-call and was zealously engaged in the discharge of official duties and public trusts. His death has made

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another blank page in our Congressional history. How many are there in our book of records, each one suggesting to the living that their names will soon be written in the journal of death. Looking upon those pages I commune with the past—with its hopes and disappointments, its victories and its defeats, its life and its death. The living present recalls the dead past. The "now" reviews the "before" and foreshadows the "hereafter." The Representatives living walk in the cemetery where their comrades sleep, and read upon the tombstones the epitaphs and eulogies of those who have passed away. Among the sleepers there, none were more entitled to respect than was he whose funeral ceremonies we are observing to-day. Born on Southern soil and under sunny skies, he imbibed in his nature their genial attributes, as evidenced in the gentleness of his manner, the warmth of his nature, and the purity of his life. Devoted to the South, his whole being was fired with an ardent love for the welfare of his people, the honor of his section, and the glory of his State. Patriotism with him was an innate principle.

It mattered not, whether upon the tented field battling for what he deemed "the right" or in this Hall counseling reconciliation and peace, but one star went before him to light his way. That was the star of patriotic duty, and the light of that star was only obscured by the night of death. Upright in his deportment, warm in his friendship, truthful in his nature, and exemplary in character, he commanded the esteem of all who knew him. Honored by his fellow-citizens for a series of years with State and Federal offices, he performed their duties with strict fidelity, retaining to the close of his life the unwavering confidence of those he was serving. Sensitive in his nature, quiet and retiring in his manners, studious, as far as a weak constitution would permit, he was most appreciated by those with whom he was best acquainted. Fidelity to principle was the chart of his life. Duty discharged the rule of his action. He had a presentiment for months that his end was approaching, so the summons was not unexpected and the grim monster found him panoplied in the armor of a Christian faith and ready for his summons. It soon came.

On the 20th October last, when nature was clothing herself in

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saffron and autumn was searing flower and forest, he went down to the grave "like a shock of corn that cometh in his season." In scanning the actions of his life, nothing that was unmanly or unbecoming met the eye; for his life was irreproachable; for, Enoch-like, "he walked with God." Stricken down in the meridian of life and the zenith of his usefulness, his loss will be felt around the family altar, where his qualities of head and heart shone most brightly, in the circle of friends that he enlivened with a refined geniality, and in this legislative hall, where he was serving with ability his fourth term. A man of education and intelligence, his convictions were the outgrowth of an enlightened judgment, and though unpretentiously asserted, they were maintained with inflexible firmness—not the firmness born of self-conceit and inordinate vanity, but that which is prompted by a consciousness of right and modest merit.

Serving with him upon a committee of this House of which he was chairman, I soon learned to estimate his character and appreciate his solid worth. To the members composing that committee it became apparent early in the session that he was laboring under a malady that had numbered his days. We were not surprised when the end was announced. The book of his life has been closed, and if we are not permitted to break the seals thereof we can profitably recall the memory of him whose name is written therein, associated as it is with a life of usefulness, of strict integrity, of noble impulses and Christian graces. In recalling his memory, in reviewing his life, we are forcibly reminded that—

> Our lives are albums, written through
> With good or ill, with false or true;
> And as the blessed angels turn
> The pages of our years,
> God grant they read the good with smiles,
> And bless the ills with tears.

The history we now make will live after we go hence, for, as was written by Paul, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Truly may this be said of him whose memory we now commemorate; for though he has passed away he yet lives in precept and Christian example. As the winds that sweep over a bed

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of violets bear on their wings their fragrant perfume, so does a pure life carry with it the fragrance of noble deeds, exemplary virtues, and Christian graces. But such a life is no barrier against the approach of the fell destroyer; and, yielding to his power, our companion fell.

> Then gave his name to the world again—
> His blessed past to Heaven; then slept in peace.

Peaceful be the repose, for he only sleeps. The beautiful flower, scorched by summer's suns or blighted by autumn's frost, withers and apparently dies; but it does not die; it only falls to sleep in the lap of winter and will bloom again when "the springtime cometh." So our friend has fallen to sleep on the bosom of his Saviour, there to remain until the Father wakes him to the joys of eternal life. With great satisfaction we can review his character, so strong in its structure, so complete in its appointments, so polished in its finish. And callous is the heart to all instincts of the good and the true who can contemplate the life of such a man, so pure, so gentle, so lovely while in health, so patient in sickness, so calm and triumphant in death, and not exclaim with Balaam, "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

Address of Mr. GEORGE, of Oregon.

Mr. SPEAKER: I wish to add a few words of tribute to the memory of our departed friend.

Although I had but a limited acquaintance with Mr. EVINS, I learned to respect him for his many good qualities of mind and heart.

His integrity of character was of the highest order, and he was positive in his convictions of right and duty.

As a law-maker he was not bound by local limits, but entered fully into the spirit of legislation for all sections.

Though representing States far distant, we were often drawn together on common ground in matters of legislative interest. I always found him kind and considerate, sociable and earnest.

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I state my own impressions very briefly concerning his life and character, and leave to others who knew him longer and more intimately the duty of a more elaborate recital of his life and services. It is a day of sadness for all who knew him.

Our late associate, so universally esteemed, now lies beneath the sod, and under the pine and the palmetto of his native State. May his many good deeds long be remembered! May his memory ever brighten!

Address of Mr. DOWD, of North Carolina.

Mr. SPEAKER. My acquaintance with the deceased may be said to have commenced upon the occasion of the funeral of the late President Garfield. Before that I had met Colonel EVINS on one or two occasions only, and our acquaintance was merely casual, although our homes were but sixty miles apart. During the long and melancholy trip to Cleveland, Ohio, and back, we were much in each other's company. There was no one in the entire party whom I had ever met before except Colonel EVINS, and I naturally gravitated to him as a neighbor and friend.

From the beginning of the Forty-seventh Congress our relations grew closer and our friendship stronger. During that Congress I was more intimate with Colonel EVINS than with any other member of the House. We boarded at the same hotel, occupied seats at the same table, and sat near each other in this Hall. We often lunched together, occasionally attended church and theaters together, and frequently took long walks and drives through the city. I think I knew him well. I believe I thoroughly understood his character.

I am not of those who believe that all good is in the past, or that only good men die. I have said upon another occasion that the true office of eulogy is not the bestowal of indiscriminate praise. The highest test of character is to place the good and the bad in sharp contrast. I am no enthusiast, but think I can discern the imperfections as well as the merits even of very warm friends. Nor do I believe any man can be absolutely free from guile, or that

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much good can be found in the world unmixed with evil. On the contrary, I believe that everywhere within the domain of human existence evil and good, if not actually intermixed, are in close proximity, Nothing is perfect; no man can be perfect. And yet, I say with deliberation that I have never known a better man than JOHN HAMILTON EVINS. I have known men of greater intellects and greater learning, men of more obtrusive and conspicuous qualities, but I have never known a more conscientious and thoroughly good man. Long ago he must have fought life's supremest battle and gained the victory over self. Early in life he must have put in complete subjection those evil impulses and passions which are the common heritage of us all, and which surely conquer all who do not conquer them, and by which so many thousands and tens of thousands of weaker men, after struggling against them for years, have at last been enslaved and ruined.

While I knew Mr. EVINS I am sure he never did anything which he believed was wrong. He held an easy mastery over all manner of temptation. Without regard to pain or pleasure, he never for an instant hesitated between what was right and what was even dubious or questionable in its character. He was a sincere and genuine Christian. He believed in the Bible, the God of the Bible, and all its teachings, as naturally and as implicitly as the babe warms and glows in the mellow radiance of a mother's love. The precepts of that Great Book were his guide through life, and its promises and assurances were, no doubt, his solace and comfort as he approached the valley and shadow of death. I had not the pleasure to know much of the domestic life of Colonel EVINS, but it was evidently beautiful and lovely in the highest degree. He left a widow, who must have been from the day of their marriage indeed "an helpmeet for him." He left also a large and interesting family of children. A recent letter from Mrs. Evins contains the following pathetic and touching language:

Of my loss it is impossible for me as yet to speak; bereft of such a husband, with the terrible responsibility of bringing up our children without the help and comfort of his living presence, I feel my burden to be almost greater than I can bear. My trust, however, is in the God of the widow and orphan, and I know he will not forsake us.

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I append and beg to present in connection with my remarks the minutes of Spartanburg Presbyterian church, adopted at a session held November 10, 1884, which very fully and very accurately portrays the sterling qualities and exalted merits of the lamented deceased:

Minutes adopted by the session of Spartanburg church, November 10, 1884.

JOHN HAMILTON EVINS was born of pious parentage, at the family homestead, on Tyger River, Spartanburg District, South Carolina, July 18, 1830. His father, Col. Samuel N. Evins, was a man of broad intellect, sterling integrity, high-toned principle, and Christian zeal; and his mother a woman of decided character and earnest piety. He thus grew up under the most wholesome influences, receiving from his childhood that stamp of character which he developed in manhood. Possessed of ample means, his father gave him such advantages of education, both in the common school and the college, as the country afforded, and he was graduated at South Carolina College in 1853. Soon after this he began the study of law at Spartanburg, and was admitted to the bar in 1856. To his profession he devoted himself with energy and success, and won a high place in the legal fraternity of this section.

Upon the breaking out of the civil war in 1861 he promptly tendered his services to his native State, and served faithfully in the Confederate army, first as lieutenant and afterward as captain of the Spartan Rifles. He was severely wounded in the left shoulder at the battle of Seven Pines, and was disabled from further active service in the field, but was nevertheless promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and assigned to lighter military duty nearer home. While thus detained at home he was elected to the State Legislature, and served there in the sessions of 1863 and 1864.

After the war he resumed the practice of law, in which he was actively and constantly engaged until 1876, when, in the great political struggle for the recovery of the State from the hands of aliens and plunderers, he was nominated for Congress from the fourth Congressional district, and was elected by a large majority. At three successive elections he was again chosen to the same high office, and continued to serve faithfully and well in the National Legislature until arrested by death.

Colonel EVINS made a public profession of religion early in life, joining Nazareth, the church of his fathers. On the 4th July, 1867, his membership was transferred to this church, and on the 28th of the same month he was ordained to the deaconship. He continued to serve in this office until promoted by the unanimous voice of the congregation to the eldership, to which he was ordained November 13, 1870. He was also superintendent of the Sabbath school from 1868 until he entered Congress in 1877. He was deeply interested in the welfare of the church, liberal in supporting every good work, true and wise as a counselor to his pastor, and in every respect a most valuable member and officer. About one year ago his health began to fail, and upon consultation with eminent physicians in Washington he became convinced that

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he was the subject of incurable disease. He bore this fearful conviction calmly and with Christian courage and resignation, at the same time diligently using all human means that gave promise of relief. But he gradually sank under the steady encroachments of disease. His heart had become seriously affected and his lungs so obstructed thereby that breathing at times became difficult and painful. Yet his mind remained clear and his spirits cheerful. He was well aware that his days were few, but he was not disturbed at the thought, his confidence resting in God. And on Monday, October 20, about 11 o'clock a. m., calmly and without a struggle, fell asleep while sitting in his chair at his home in Spartanburg.

The tidings quickly spread throughout the city, and the whole community mourned his loss. The next day the funeral services were held in the church where he had so often and so long delighted to worship God. An immense concourse of people, more than the house could contain, gathered to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom all honored and cherished. The pastor conducted the services, assisted by the Rev. R. H. Reid, the former pastor and warm personal friend of the deceased, and the Rev. Ellison Capers, who had attended with a delegation from the city of Greenville; and the body was solemnly and sadly laid away in the family plat of the town cemetery to await the resurrection of the just.

Colonel EVINS was married in 1865 to Miss Hattie D. Choice, the daughter of his former law partner, and she, with eight children, the youngest an infant of five months, survives him. He was a tender husband and a wise and conscientious parent, and the loss to his family in his untimely removal is sad and inestimable.

Our lamented brother was a man of noble impulses, of exalted principles, and of most exemplary life. His character possessed a completeness and beauty rarely found on earth, and the virtues which distinguished him were many, excellent, and striking. His unswerving fidelity to religion, his genuine and practical loyalty to his own church, and his eminent purity of life ever shone out brightly in all the circumstances in which he was placed, whether in the walks of private life, in the quiet pursuit of his profession, amid the temptations of the military camp, or the corrupt atmosphere of the national capital. And withal he was a public-spirited citizen, who lived and labored not for selfish gain and aggrandizement, but always felt a lively interest and performed an active part in anything looking to the welfare of the community, the State, or the country. The loss of such a man may well be mourned and his example sacredly treasured.

Address of Mr. LANHAM, of Texas.

Mr. SPEAKER: There are two occasions in the proceedings of this House when no sound of tumult cometh to mar its grave decorum or disturb its solemn stillness. The one is when we bow the head at the voice of prayer; the other is in the obituary service we are

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accustomed to perform when one of its members has yielded to the ultimate appointment of our race and gone the way of all the earth. Reverence for the Deity and respect for our holy religion prompt us in the one case; regard for the dead and a forced recognition of our own mortality move us in the other. Our attention is arrested, clamor ceases, the proprieties of dignified silence are observed, and we cannot escape a serious and profound reflection. The latter occasion is once more upon us, and I obey the impulse of my heart when, participating in these ceremonies, I offer my humble contribution to the work of this hour and attempt to bear testimony to the worthy life and excellent character of my departed friend and brother Carolinian. It seems not inappropriate that I should do so, for I have known the deceased from my boyhood. We were born and reared in the same county. He was the honored and trusted representative of my people and kindred. Little would it have been imagined years ago, when I bade him and other friends of my youth farewell and quitted my early home to seek a settling-place "in the land of the setting sun," that he and I should long afterward be reunited in these Halls to mingle a while together and enjoy the fellowship of other days, then to part again in death, and that I should be called upon in this presence to perform the sad duty which now devolves upon me.

> Who knows the ways of the world,
> How God will bring them about?

Life is strange; personal history is mysterious. The vicissitudes of humanity, the multiplied and diversified incidents which make up our pilgrimages through the world, the transitions, the separations and reunions, the changes of the times and our changes in them, the innumerable strange things that come to pass along the journey of life; and then the fallings by the wayside, the scenes and circumstances which attend "the inevitable hour," the periods and methods at and by which we are taken off, the inscrutable purposes involved, all carry with them their often sad and always instructive lessons, and serve to impress upon the minds of thoughtful men a confirmation of that philosophy which teaches that—

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.

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I shall never forget how kindly and cordially he received me here, the welcome he gave me, the generous pleasure he evinced at meeting his former county-man in this body, the unselfish interest he took in my behalf, how readily and cheerfully he instructed me in my new duties, giving me the results of his own experience and offering friendly and needful suggestions for my guidance. My gratitude, my esteem, my affection toward him daily grew and strengthened by the renewal of our intercourse and his numerous offices of friendship and kindness. Whether I can now speak of him as I would desire or as becomes the occasion, my tribute is at least sincere and heartfelt.

He once said, "In this dark world of ours there is no richer gem than sorrow's diadem—a tear." I can, indeed, give to his memory that "test of affection," and say of a truth that I deplore his loss and grieve that he is no more. His death, which occurred at his home in Spartanburg, S. C., October 20, 1884, was not unexpected to me, for I had observed with constant solicitude and increasing apprehension the fearful inroads which a dreadful and fatal malady was rapidly making upon his strength and constitution; and when a few weeks before the adjournment of the last session he was compelled to seek the supposed benefits of a different climate and healing waters, and told me good-bye, I felt and feared it was the last time I should see him in the flesh.

JOHN HAMILTON EVINS was born in Spartanburg district, South Carolina, July 18, 1830. He was graduated from the South Carolina College in 1853, when to bear a diploma from that institution was to bespeak a thorough and classic education, and to carry a passport to the best circles of refinement and culture. He chose the law for his profession, and successfully practiced the same until the beginning of the war. He joined the confederate army, and rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His army life meant actual service, exposure to danger and loss of blood. He always had "a place in the picture near the flashing of the guns," and was severely wounded at the battle of Seven Pines. No man made better record as a soldier.

For two years he represented his district with great efficiency

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and acceptability in the legislature of his native State, and in 1876 he was nominated for Congress, and went vigorously to work in what then appeared a most difficult undertaking, to assist in the redemption of the State he loved so well from the conditions of misrule and political degradation to which her people had been reduced. Immediately succeeding the war the lot of no Southern State was easy; that of South Carolina was harder than all. She was the inviting prey of roving and greedy adventurers who gathered about her prostrate form and fattened upon her misery. Not the valiant soldiery who had defeated her in war—not these, heroic and chivalrous, who always

> Raise the foe when in battle laid low,
> And bathe every wound with a tear—

not patriotic and established citizens of any State who could claim a permanent local habitation, or were inspired by a pure purpose of genuine and salutary reconstruction for the common good of the common country; but migratory spoilsmen and local recreants, itinerant stirrers of strife and home agitators of discord, who never saw the smoke of battle, found their special field of operation in the Palmetto State, and sought by every means to aggravate, mortify, humiliate, and crush her suffering people. Disquietude and antagonisms were excited and kept alive as the appointed means of selfish gain. It was amid such conditions as these, and infinitely worse than here described, the recollection of which is not revived from any partisan motive but to illustrate his important service—when success seemed almost hopeless—that Colonel EVINS was summoned to the front by his confiding and admiring people, and right gallantly he bore their standard and led them on to victory. He was re-elected for three successive terms, and, owing to his declining health, voluntarily retired, when it was well known that he could have received a fifth nomination.

My actual knowledge of his Congressional service is limited to the present term and what I saw of him in the committee of which he was chairman and on the floor of the House in the last session; but I have learned from others that his course has been uniformly commendable, manly, and patriotic. He seems to have possessed

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in an unusual degree the esteem and confidence of those with whom he has been associated here, without regard to political creed or party affiliation. Exemplary conduct, daily walk and conversation exceptionally pure, habits discreet and temperate, methods direct and honorable, a correct and stainless private and public life are universally affirmed of him. He was a quiet, observant, thoughtful man, accustomed to a careful and considerate analysis of the right or wrong of a measure. He was not afflicted with any undue or indecent eagerness for mere *pro forma* public utterance, but spoke only when actuated by a sense of duty and the necessity of the case, and then earnestly and honestly.

He was singularly free from any disposition for mere empty display or artificial appearance. He disdained disguise and despised dissimulation. He was a thoroughly earnest man. His influence, although quietly exerted and employing only such forces as appeal to reflecting minds, was always cogent and pervasive. All men had respect for his judgment and the rectitude and soundness of his convictions. He might not perhaps be classed as a great and distinguished statesman in the usual acceptation of the term, and yet I think he was an extraordinary man, and that he towered among his fellows in all the solid and sterling elements of character. He was safe, accurate, sound, and practical. He was positive, reliable, and useful; always trusted, never doubted. In him, wherever a true man was wanted a true man was found. Such are the men who enact wise and wholesome legislation. This cannot be said of erratic, uncertain, and visionary men, how brilliant soever they may be. It can be well remarked of him, as he said of his deceased colleague, Mr. O'Connor:

> No constituency ever had a more faithful and devoted Representative, South Carolina no truer son, the cause of liberty no firmer friend, tyranny and wrong no more relentless foe.

I come now, Mr. Speaker, to say a word of his higher manhood and "holier chivalry." It was once observed by an eminent religious philosopher that—

> In Christianity, and in Christianity alone, can be discovered character in harmonious wholeness, at once the "*righteous* man," high in the practice of

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all social virtues, stern in his inflexible adhesion to the utter right, and the "*good* man," who has won for himself a revenue of affection, at whose name men's eyes sparkle and their spirits glow as if a sunbeam glinted in.

He had this "harmonious wholeness." He was an efficient elder in the Presbyterian Church and a consistent Christian. He was always ready with hand and purse in the encouragement of religious enterprises. From the appeals of charity he turned not away. He preserved in his metropolitan associations and public life the same devotion to his religious obligations which he practiced at home and among his friends and neighbors.

It requires a true heroism to withstand the solicitations to vice and dissipation which abound in high places. It must be confessed that temptations lie thick in the pathway of a public man at the Federal capital. The allurements of the world, the pomp and pageantry of sin, are difficult to resist. To keep a conscience void of offense and maintain an unsullied moral or religious life bring into constant requisition the highest capabilities and strongest forces of resolution. He who can safely pass the ordeal is indeed a hero and entitled to wear a victor's wreath. No human perception can fully discern the spiritual relations which subsist between a man and his Maker, but from what was seen and known of the deceased can be found comforting evidence upon which to predicate the conviction that he kept himself "unspotted from the world." He believed that the bane of public life was immorality and irreligion, and carefully avoided the appearance of either. He exemplified the personal excellence of true Christian character. He died in the triumph of his faith. I believe if a man die he shall live again, and that the deathless spirit of my friend has passed the gate and entered into the city of everlasting peace.

His day has come, not gone;
His sun has risen, not set;
His life is now beyond
The reach of death or change,
Not ended, but begun.

All that was mortal of him rests in the old graveyard at home, among the ashes of the generations of his people who have preceded him to the silent land. The memory of his virtues will

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live on and remain bright and beautiful in the hearts of those who knew and loved him. He has left to his family and friends a heritage better than riches—a good name. Ere long and the time will come when each of us shall also "sleep with our fathers." May we profit by his example; live a life of equal rectitude; be as ready for the final departure as he was, and at last rejoin him in the bright beyond.

Address of Mr. TILLMAN, of South Carolina.

Mr. SPEAKER: Although it is as natural to die as to be born, yet the beginning of life is nearly always associated with joy and hope, while its ending is attended with sorrow and sometimes despair.

This is especially the case when a Christian gentleman, wise, good, practical, patriotic, like our late associate, JOHN HAMILTON EVINS, is stricken down in the meridian of his powers and usefulness.

The death of the aged does not shock the sensibilities, because it is expected in the course of nature as the fulfillment of destiny; but the abrupt departure forever of one in the prime of life, who had the happiness of many in his keeping, lacerates feelings that time alone can heal and creates a void which nothing can fill.

Our friend, Colonel EVINS, died at the early age of fifty-four, sixteen years short of the span allotted to man by the psalmist; and, in addition to a large family of his own to care for, he was the trusted friend and adviser of hundreds, yea thousands, who had long learned to rely upon him as guide, neighbor, benefactor, attorney, and lawgiver. A mere statement of these fact would be sufficient answer to the questions, Will JOHN H. EVINS be missed; and is the dedication of this day to the commemoration of his virtues and services a sincere tribute to his worth, or is it a ceremonious mockery?

From time immemorial, among all peoples, when a faithful and capable public servant has been cut off in the midst of his career, a suitable record of his life and character has been made, partly

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from a sense of gratitude, but mostly in justice to the dead and to encourage the living to imitate his example. This is meet and proper. The world's successful men, who preserve their good names untarnished while they succeed, are too few to be permitted to pass into oblivion. As less than one in ten is said to so succeed, the best method perhaps to stimulate the living to fight the battle of life nobly is to make a permanent record of the conduct and character of every deceased citizen who honorably acted a conspicuous part.

Probably nothing contributed so much to the developement of the manhood, the intellect, and the greatness of Rome as the honors she paid to her illustrious dead by pronouncing elaborate funeral orations over them and burying them with imposing ceremonies, usually near a public highway, and erecting splendid monuments to perpetuate their fame. Propinquity is a great moral power; and hence it is that the choice young spirits of every separate community generally select their best native models by which to mold their own character with as much fidelity as the writing of a school-boy conforms to his copy-plate. The emulation which prevented Themistocles from sleeping when he reflected on the glories of Miltiades was an ennobling sentiment, and it should be nurtured in the rising generation everywhere and at all times by bestowing appropriate honors upon the distinguished dead and by the recital of their merits.

Colonel EVINS was not a great man, but he certainly had many great qualities of head and heart that deserve to be remembered; and he so conducted himself in all the relations of life, both public and private, that the youth of the country would do well to tread in his footsteps. Posterity may be able to properly appreciate the intellect and achievements of a dead man, but it is only his surviving contemporaries, his friends and intimate acquaintances, who can fairly estimate his character. I claim the privilege of attempting to do this for our late associate, not only because he was my colleague here and in the legislature of our native State, but because we were life-long friends. I had ample opportunity to know him well, and if I could only describe him as he

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really was, without a particle of exaggeration, his memory would never perish.

As I said, he was a remarkable man, both intellectually and morally, and, like nearly all noted men, he was largely indebted to his mother's early training for his after success. She was a women of unusual strength of mind and character, and so indoctrinated her children by precept and example in the principles of probity, industry, and piety that Colonel EVINS never forgot those principles. His father was likewise a man of sterling worth, and left his children a good property, as well as a good example to imitate.

Both his paternal and maternal ancestors emigrated from Pennsylvania to Spartanburg County, South Carolina, many years before the Revolutionary war. His name is of Welsh origin, but he also had Scotch blood in his veins, and he united, both in mind and character, in a high degree, the leading faculties and traits of both nationalities of his forefathers. He combined all the patience, prudence, conservatism, benignity, and plodding industry of the Welshman with the quickness of perception, mental acumen, clear analysis, sound judgment, strong religious faith, practicality, persistence, and thrift of the Scotchman. In a few words, he had common sense, an honest heart, and tireless energy—the three indispensable prerequisites to honorable success.

He toiled while others slept and worked when others idled, and therefore it was that he outstripped more brilliant competitors. He never believed in luck or duplicity as a means to attain an end, but always relied upon labor, truth, and manly methods in whatever he undertook.

One secret of his success was his thorough preparation on all accasions. His motto was *festina lenta*. In his early days, although blessed with robust health, studious habits, and abundant means to pursue his education, he never completed his collegiate course and gained admission to the bar until he was twenty-six years of age. But when he did come to the legal forum he was so fully equipped for "the occasion sudden and practice dangerous" that he at once took front rank among some of the ablest country lawyers in America, which position he held until his failing health and exact-

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ing duties as a member of this House compelled him in a measure to relinquish his profession.

Another cause of his nearly uniform success at the bar, in the political arena, and in private business, was his almost unerring judgment. While he preferred time to examine carefully every phase or relation of a subject, still, in an emergency, he had all the lightning-like accuracy of intuition belonging to the Scottish race, which generally is so clear-headed that it can follow a principle through a maze of rubbish or split a hair without cutting into either side. Whether with or without sufficient time to consider a given proposition or state of facts, he hardly ever reached a wrong conclusion, and his most confidential associates, myself among the number, habitually distrusted their own judgment when it differed from his. This God-given faculty of common sense not only contributed largely to his success, but it likewise explained, when taken in connection with his honesty and industry, why he had so much influence both in private and public affairs. Every succeeding Congress in which he served only increased his strength here and and his popularity among his constituents.

Colonel EVINS was not an orator, but he was emphatically a logician who could trace cause and effect, link by link; not a man of words, but of action; a dealer in fact, not fancies, yet he cherished the loftiest sentiments. He was well read, particularly in history; but he spent the prime of his life in the laborious study of the law as a science, as a whole, not by mere desultory or case reading. He mastered not only its general principles but the qualifying exceptions, and he was familiar with most of the leading cases, fixing each in both American and English jurisprudence.

As an attorney he brought no suit except he believed it to be right. Having brought it, he as completely identified himself with his client's cause as if it had been his own. His mind was pre-eminently judicial, equally expert at analysis or synthesis, and he would have adorned any bench.

His acquirements and his tastes better fitted him for his profession than for politics, and he made a great sacrifice both of feeling and interest when he left the bar to serve in Congress. But duty

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called him to the political field, and he promptly obeyed, because to do his whole duty was ever the dominating principle of his character. In fact, his unselfish devotion to duty may truly be said to have hastened his end.

When his State in 1860 summoned her sons to arms, he was one of the first to respond, and went to the front with his command, where he proved himself a true soldier at the first battle of Manassas. He continued in active service, participating in all the skirmishes and combats of the army of Northern Virginia, until, while engaged in a terrific struggle at Seven Pines, he received a very dangerous wound in the arm by a ball which splintered the bone just below the shoulder-joint. For a long while he patiently endured intense agony, the irritation of the wound causing much suffering, threatening to compel amputation; but the skillful and tender nursing of his brother Thomas Evins, a Confederate surgeon, saved his arm. Although never able to rejoin his regiment again, feeble as he was and with his arm still in a sling, as lieutenant-colonel he took command of the home-guard in Spartenburg County, and effectually protected that and the adjoining counties against the incursions of deserters and native marauders from the mountain fastnesses until the close of the war.

He then resumed the practice of his profession, in which he soon acquired a large, paying clientage, much of which adhered to him even after he became a member of Congress. But the double labor of attorney and Representative in the National Legislature was too much for his enfeebled constitution, which had never entirely recovered from the violent shock to his nervous system caused by his severe wound in the war. He frequently complained in his latter days that he had been overworked. All of you can bear witness how laborious the life of a faithful Congressman is. Most of you remember how punctual and thorough Colonel EVINS was in the discharge of all his duties here until his health broke down. It had been against his wishes that he was translated from the quiet walks of private life and the lucrative practice of his profession to the exciting, irregular, exacting forum of politics. He neither had fondness for the hustings nor relish for the rough-and-

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tumble debates and scrambles of this House; but as he was selected, without any premeditation on his part, in 1876, to lead a "forlorn hope" for Congress, he could not refuse, and his constituency would have kept him here indefinitely if his failing health had not compelled him to decline a fifth election.

Moreover, neither the impure and heated air of this Hall, nor the climate of this city, with its fickle and sudden extremes, nor the habits and customs of public life here could prove anything but injurious to a man in Colonel EVINS's state of health. Bright's disease was said to have been the immediate cause of his death, but his disabling wound, his uncongenial Congressional life, and the trying climate of Washington, one or all, must have contributed largely to aggravate his disease if not to produce it. He often expressed regret that he had ever permitted himself to be drawn into politics, but said his people would have it so, and it was his duty to serve them. Any one who knew him before he was badly wounded could not but remark, ever afterward, how sadly that wound had marred his striking physique and commanding presence. Before that calamity he was tall, erect, lithe, and strong—the picture of vigorous health—with the grace, gallantry, and courtly bearing of a troubadour; but after the wound, notwithstanding much of all these remained, he never was himself again. Therefore it may justly be said he died prematurely—a martyr to duty.

Colonel EVINS was a singularly diffident man, particularly in public speaking. While always modest yet self-possessed in conversation, he still could not rise to address a jury, the House, or the hustings without seeming actually bashful. One of his friends used to say he was the coolest man in a chair and the most frustrated man on his feet in the world. This absence of self-possession, or perhaps I ought to say his lack of sufficient "brass," was a great drawback to him, as it often kept him from talking when he was much fuller of the topic under discussion than most of the blatant, self-sufficient orators who monopolized the debate. You all recollect he never could rise to speak on this floor, even after seven years' service here, without blushing like a timid, embarrassed girl; yet you also remember he was equal to every occasion. He

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failed in nothing, not even in public speaking, simply because duty, his pole star, forbade. His lack of self-confidence as a speaker has been so aptly described by a friendly hand that I must read it:

> When he first began to speak his natural diffidence would so overpower him as to make it painful to his friends to witness his discomfiture; but with an indomitable will he would subjugate his own self-consciousness, and rising to the demands of the occasion would soon transform an apparent failure into a brilliant success. He never succeeded in overcoming his natural diffidence only in so far as to be able always to fully meet the requirements of the cause which called him before the public. It was only a sense of duty that brought him before the public gaze, and that he always met at any sacrifice to his personal comfort or convenience. The success of his public career was due to this: his conscience was stronger than his consciousness.

And just as he always overcame his strong reluctance to public speaking, when it was his duty to do so, he likewise followed the dictates of his conscience first in espousing the cause of secession at the command of his State and then in regarding the war as having forever settled that question. No man at the South more cheerfully acquiesced in the supremacy of the Union and the abolition of slavery than Colonel EVINS, and up to the end of his busy life he did all he could to rebuild the ruins of the South and to restore fraternal relations between the sections. As he was human, of course he could not at all times wholly divorce himself from the feeling of sectionalism or partisanship, but he was as free from carrying either to excess by vote or speech as any member of this body.

Among his many virtues he had high public spirit, and felt a deep solicitude, as well as aided with his means to the best of his ability, to establish every enterprise intended to develop the resources or promote the general welfare of the community in which he was born, lived, and died. Although reduced from affluence to poverty by the war, he was so successful at the bar and other business that he accumulated a moderate competency for his large family. And notwithstanding he was a splendid economist, there was nothing of the miser about him, and his hand was open to the unfortunate. No real object of charity ever appealed to him in vain. Nor did he publish it on the house-tops when he aided the dis-

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tressed. It comes within my knowledge that so generous was he in this regard that he was often imposed upon.

I have briefly spoken of him as a business man, as a citizen, a soldier, attorney, and legislator. What shall be said of him as a husband and father? Nothing can be said in too much praise. In 1861 he married Miss Harriet Choice, of Spartanburg, a young lady of beauty, common sense, and rare accomplishments, who survives to care for their many promising children. Every one who ever saw Colonel EVINS in the bosom of his family always felt happier himself at beholding the unalloyed happiness of that household. His bright children were treated as companions, as all children should be treated by parents, so as to possess their confidence and affection, instead of being held at a distance in rebellious awe. His adored wife was habitually consulted about great as well as small things. Her opinion frequently overruled his own.

When husband and wife have lived together long and happily it is a beautiful provision of nature that they love each other better and better as old age comes on. Especially does the good husband seem to think, as his wife's beauty fades, that she actually grows handsomer and wiser, until finally he learns to look up to her and lean upon her, or rather to honor and obey her almost as a mother. This was charmingly illustrated in the married life of Colonel EVINS.

And here, Mr. Speaker, let us pause for a moment to contemplate the sudden, the extreme, the startling changes from prosperity to adversity, from happiness to misery, that beset humanity. Less than two years ago JOHN H. EVINS was a trusted member of this House, in full possession of the confidence and esteem of his admiring constituents, with a fair prospect of higher honors in store for him. He seemed to be in good health, and was blessed with a happy family, a devoted wife, promising children, troops of friends, prosperous business, and a bright, enduring future appeared assured to him and his. But what a contrast between then and now. He in the grave, his wife a widow, his children orphans. Man, indeed, vibrates like a "pendulum between a smile and a tear," and the uncertainty toward which side his fate will swing

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creates such an undefinable dread of the future even in the happiest and most prosperous moments that every one admits—

> **Life is all a mist,**
> **And in the dark our fortunes meet us.**

To crown Colonel EVINS'S well-balanced and well-rounded character, he was a sincere Christian, an unfaltering believer in the Presbyterianism of his fathers. But while he adhered tenaciously to the stern doctrine of predestination, he never confounded the acts of will with acts of fate, and regarded free agency as the only means of self-redemption. Nor was there any touch of bigotry in his nature. He believed, as our free Constitution provides, that religion is an affair between man and his God, and that—

> **If a man's belief is bad,**
> **It will not be improved by burning.**

To speak naught but truth of the living and only good of the dead are golden precepts that have come down to us from antiquity. When Colonel EVINS was living nothing dishonest or dishonorable was ever charged against him, although he was a fast friend and an open foe. One of the noblest traits in his admirable character was that he never would under any circumstances permit an absent friend to be slandered in his presence. As nothing ill could be said of him in the flesh, of course nothing but good can be spoken of him in the grave. So if he were brought to trial instead of eulogy, as the Egyptians used to try their dead, no prosecutor could appear against him. What a proud epitaph, yet literally true.

And how did he die? Calmly and resignedly, as every brave, honest man should die, without cowardly repining or vain ostentation. The land of shadows had no terrors for him, because he knew he had to journey through it, and as he had done all the good his means would allow, and as little harm as the frailty of the flesh would permit, he felt that he had no cause to dread the hereafter.

I move the adoption of the resolutions offered by my colleague.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted; and in accordance therewith the House adjourned.

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PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
January 21, 1885.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Clark, its Clerk, communicating to the Senate the resolutions of the House on the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN H. EVINS, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Mr. HAMPTON. Mr. President, I ask that the action of the House be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Cockrell in the chair). The Chair will lay before the Senate a message from the House of Representatives.

The chief clerk read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
January 20, 1885.

Resolved, That this House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN H. EVINS, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the House shall, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. HAMPTON. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk to be read.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from South Carolina presents resolutions, which will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN H. EVINS, late a member of the House of Representatives from South Carolina.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the Senate shall, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, adjourn.

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Address of Mr. HAMPTON, of South Carolina.

It has been established by long custom that when one of our associates in the legislative branch of the Government falls at his post of duty we pause for a time from our daily routine of work to pay a proper tribute of respect to his memory. This time-honored custom, which had its origin in the tenderest and noblest instincts of humanity, has been consecrated to us by many and sad precedents. The Senate has just done becoming honor to the memory of one who was, when living, its oldest member, one of its most honored and now one of its most lamented. To-day, the other branch of Congress, by the resolutions just read, tells us that death has again invaded its Halls, and stricken down one of its most useful, honored, and beloved members, JOHN H. EVINS, of South Carolina.

As a Senator from the State which now mourns the loss of one of her truest and most devoted sons, it becomes my painful duty to take official action here touching his death. As he was a very close and dear friend, this duty is rendered doubly painful; but, sir, that pain is greatly alleviated by the fact that the best, the highest eulogy that could be pronounced upon him is to speak of him not in the mere conventional terms of panegyric, but in the calm and sober language of truth. The record of his upright and unblemished life, from his youth to its close, gives the strongest evidence of the integrity of his character, and the manner of his death proved the sincerity of his faith as a Christian.

JOHN HAMILTON EVINS was born in Spartanburg district on the 18th July, 1830, of honorable and pious parents, who, besides affording him ample means for a liberal education, taught him early, a lesson he never forgot, that higher and better knowledge, the fear of the Lord. Graduating at the South Carolina College in 1853, he studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1856, and soon achieved a high and honorable reputation in his profession. During the war he served in the Confederate army with conspicuous gal-

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lantry, receiving a severe wound, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. While detained at home by this wound he represented his district for two sessions in the legislature with the conscientious fidelity that marked his discharge of every public trust.

In 1876 he was elected a member of Congress from the fourth Congressional district in South Carolina, and he was re-elected for three successive terms, on each occasion by a large majority. At the last election he declined to become a candidate, as his health had failed, and he realized even then that the shadow of death was over him, for his physicians held out to him no hope of recovery. He bore their verdict dooming him to an early death with the heroic fortitude of a soldier and the sublime resignation of a Christian. His sufferings were great and constant, but he never murmured nor repined, and with everything to make him cling to life he resolutely looked death in the face, feeling a confident hope he had so lived on earth that life eternal would be his in Heaven.

On the 20th of October last, without one pang, without one struggle, he was summoned to his final rest, respected, honored, loved, and lamented, not alone by his immediate constituents but by our whole State.

Such, Mr. President, is the brief, simple narrative of a life unmarked by any strange or great events, but which has left an impress for good on every one associated with it. It is in this aspect that I regard the career of Colonel EVINS as so noteworthy and so exemplary, and it is for this reason that I have dwelt more largely on his marked moral qualities than on his intellectual. But I by no means underrate his attainments and his ability, for these were of a high order. He was an able lawyer, an admirable Representative in Congress, a cultivated gentleman, and a wise counselor. In every position he was called on to fill he brought to its discharge a well-trained, vigorous intellect, and an ever-present sense of duty. Thus it was that his influence was always widely felt, and beneficently exercised.

It seems to me, Mr. President, that the example left by such a life and the lesson taught by it are of higher value to the world

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than all the earthly prizes that ambition, wealth, power, place can win. These latter may for a time sway mankind, but in the balance held by the hand of the Great Judge at the last day they will weigh but as a feather against integrity, virtue, and piety. All these noble attributes of character were possessed in an eminent degree by the subject of this imperfect sketch, and he surely could have exclaimed triumphantly and exultingly when called to meet his God—

O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?

Address of Mr. FRYE, of Maine.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Having been a member of the House of Representatives in the Forty-sixth Congress, and having then an acquaintance pleasant and agreeable with Mr. EVINS, I do not feel at liberty to allow this occasion to pass without paying a brief tribute to his memory.

I recall without difficulty the first time I ever saw him. It was on the Sabbath day in a crowded church. I saw a face loving, gentle, and without any weakness in it; and it so attracted me that I inquired as to its owner, and found it to be Mr. EVINS. Subsequent acquaintance with him only justified to me that face as the index of his character.

Mr. EVINS, of course, was not conspicuous in debate in the Forty-sixth Congress. Senators know well that in that brief term of service, even with the highest genius for debate, he could not be. And he was not in any sense a wrangler, and he could not be, for his spirit was never disputatious. He did not force himself to the front, and he could not, because he was as modest as a girl. And yet, sir, he had that strength of character and that acquirement which would have made him conspicuous and prominent in public life or anywhere in time. He had thorough culture, an learned courage, earnest devotion to principle and duty, quick perception, and a profound sense of responsibility to God and man. He added to an attractive face accomplishments and graces unusual to men in an-

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ive, stirring life—agreeable manners and a warm, social nature. But, sir, he had what seems to me greater and better than them all—he was a devoted, sincere, earnest Christian man. I see from the records of the Spartanburg Presbyterian church, in his own State, this:

On the 4th July, 1867, his membership was transferred to this church, and on the 28th of the same month he was ordained to the deaconship. He continued to serve in this office until promoted by the unanimous voice of the congregation to the eldership, to which he was ordained November 13, 1870. He was also superintendent of the Sabbath school from 1868 until he entered Congress in 1877.

Mr. President, it is easy for men in public life, I care not how eminent they may be, to gracefully acquiesce in the fundamental doctrines of the Bible and to talk eloquently of the glories of a blessed immortality to come; but to lead in the midst of the cares and perplexities and enticements and allurements and distractions of public life a lowly, devoted, practical Christian life,

Hoc opus, hic labor est.

Yet, Mr. President, I have reason to believe that from the day Mr. EVINS entered upon his public life here in Congress up to its close he did so walk day by day. He deliberately chose the straight and narrow way, and walked directly toward the goal without swerving to the right or to the left. I believe, sir, that Mr. EVINS dying could say with Paul in chains at Rome, "I have fought the fight; I have kept the faith." I believe, sir, that Mr. EVINS dying could say, "I know there is a crown prepared for me." And now he knows it; he wears it.

Mr. President, may the gracious, loving God temper this heavy but kindly blow to his wife and to his children.

Address of Mr. BUTLER, of South Carolina.

Mr. PRESIDENT, I might safely leave the character of the lamented EVINS where his eulogist and his own unblemished life left it, without stain and without reproach, but a duty of earnest friendship apart from official courtesy and custom requires that I add

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my mind and in my heart as it is to the words of praise or censure only and justly bestowed upon him.

North Carolina never had a more devoted son than JOHN H. EVINS, nor a popular Governor a more faithful servant. The people never had a champion more fearless, nor the Congress a member more respected for his public and private worth. I knew him intimately from the time a junior fellow-student in the old—and then new—University of North Carolina, in our years—as a friend, citizen, lawyer, soldier, statesman and as the people's Governor of his native State, and can truthfully speak advisedly and accurately of him. It was my fortune to be elected in the same night as was he, the Governor of North Carolina. The first I state that general service in a like capacity the same night of two soldiers, as I truly and patriotically as ever graced the soldiers of our country.

He preceded me in the service of his State but a few years. We entered the Confederate army about the same time, and both rose in different arms of that service. It was our fortune to serve upon the arena of national politics about the same time, and both to share much of the best personal and political friendship. I knew him, therefore, as few men knew him, and venture to affirm that in the eloquent tributes just paid to his memory in this Chamber and in the other Hall of Congress will be found no long and ably, there is not one word of hyperbole or extravagant encomium. He well deserves all that has been so gracefully said of him, and I only wish that in closing these memorial services of respect to his memory in this the highest forum which an American citizen may enter, I could command language worthy of his exalted character.

I do not know that I need say more of his public life than that he was faithful to every public trust committed to his care. He held the highest office in the gift of every public body and private confidence. In his public conduct he was honest, he was liberal, he was courageous and truthful, he was a patriot, he was unselfish, and above all true to himself. There was nothing of the charlatan or demagogue in his nature. He was

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modest, conservative, considerate, and deferential. He was careful and painstaking, and when he made up his opinion he maintained it with independence, courage, and ability. His judgment was sound, and his intellectural methods were as honest and straightforward as the impulses of his heart were generous. He was well educated and well informed, but did not aspire to the plane of what is known as scholarship or genius. He did not sacrifice the practical to the ideal, nor the real to the theoretical, the substance to the form, and, therefore, was a safe counselor and judicious leader, an able, conscientious representative.

What higher praise, Mr. President, can be conferred upon any public man. What more need be said to embalm his memory in the grateful hearts of his countrymen and establish him as an exemplar to those who come after him. This is my estimate of the man, sincerely entertained. True, something must be allowed to the partialities of friendship on occasions like this, to the license of rhetoric, to the flow of eulogy, and to that inclination of the human heart to speak nothing of the dead except what is good, but, sir, I invoke with confidence the voice of his people to sanction these words in behalf of this distinguished citizen of their State. They are truthful and just; would they could be said of every public servant who assumes a trust for the people. Mr. EVINS was as free from the sordid vices of our nature as the best of his race. He was wonderfully circumspect in his private life, and I believe sincerely and conscientiously true to his profession of the Christian religion. He made no sanctimonious parade, but walked modestly in the fear of God and lived up to his convictions. The duties of life were dearer to him than life itself.

When he was first stricken with the disease that proved fatal to his life, I well remember how earnestly I urged him to leave the capricious winter climate of Washington and seek relief in the mild outdoor atmosphere of Florida, where he could successfully combat the inroads of disease on his vigorous constitution by calling to his assistance not only the curative powers of art and science but the endless resources of kindly nature. In response to my importunities he said his duty required him to remain at his post, and he

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did and died. Possibly the time allotted him on earth was about to expire, and the change may not have arrested his malady. Of this no one had knowledge, save the God who made him. But I refer to this incident to further illustrate what manner of man he was. It was characteristic of him, and the recital will not surprise those who knew him best.

Military heroes who give up their lives in the flush and excitement and glamour of battle are sustained in the discharge of duty by the rush and conflict of physical forces, the hope of earthly glory and renown, and they are generally bestowed; but the man who stands by his post in the civil walks of life, dying inches by inches, has nothing to sustain him but that high sense of duty, the essence of which true heroes are made. To this class Mr. EVINS properly belonged, and such will be the verdict of his countrymen.

Nothing now remains for me, Mr. President, but to move the adoption of the resolutions before the Senate, which I do with the mournful satisfaction that they have given me the opportunity to pay this sincere but inadequate tribute to the memory of one of the best of men, and that they express, as I believe, the sentiments of his associates and friends.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Will the Senate agree to the resolutions?

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and the Senate adjourned.

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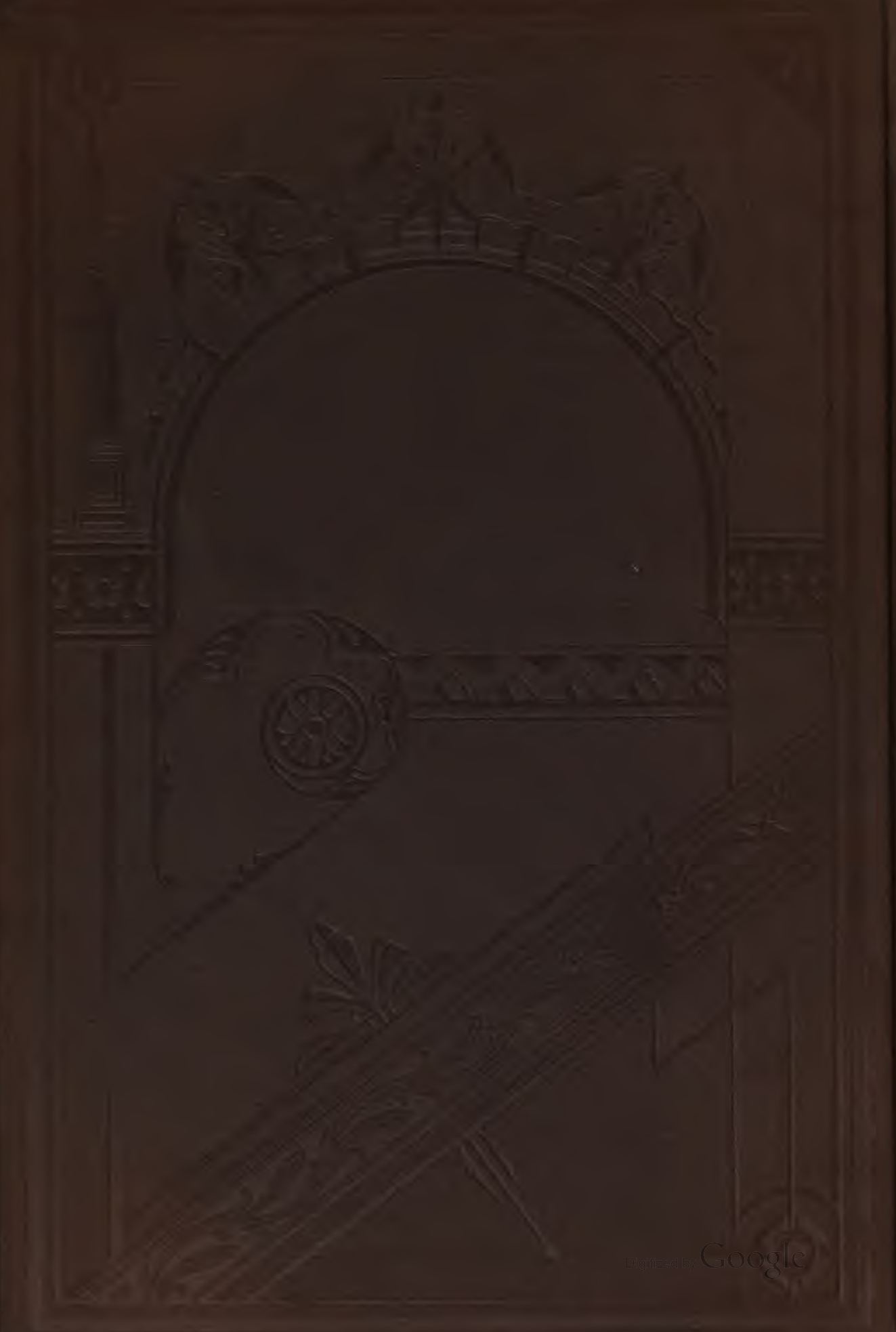
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